

13/11/14 1485. c. 12 3
LOVE's Invention,

^K
OR, THE

Recreation in Vogue;

A NEW

BALLAD:

To the Tune of,

O LONDON is a fine Town, &c.

Honi soit qui Mal y Pense.

To which is added,

A Cure for CUCKOLDOM,

OR, THE

Miseries of MATRIMONY.

LONDON:

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(3)



LOVE's Invention,

OR, THE

Recreation in VOGUE:

A New BALLAD:

To the Tune of, *O London is a fine Town, &c.*

I.



RANELAGH's a fine Place,
For the Young, the Old, the
Witty,
And now's become a *Rendez-
vous,*

For Ladies that are pretty:
At *Change* they job for Money,
But traffick here for Hearts:
The fairest Nymphs are willing
To shew you their *Best Parts.*

A 2

II. O

II.

O *Ranelagh's* a fine Place,
 For Ladies that are willing ;
 For there they *figh*, and there they *coo*,
 Like *Doves* full fondly billing :
 The Ladies wear large Hoops,
 With Design to show their Legs :
 Next Winter they'll show something else,--
 And stand upon their Heads.

III.

O *Ranelagh's* a fine Place,
 For *Courtiers*, O! they're witty :
 For there a certain L--d did meet
 With Lady B---- so pretty :
 He gently press'd her Hand,
 Her Air and Mien approv'd ;
 And begg'd that she'd withdraw with him,
 Because the *Spirit* mov'd.

IV.

And a Masquerade's a fine Place
 For Ladies in Distress ;
 For they may meet a good Thing,
 Tho' in a Female Dress :
 A *Scaramouche* is nimble,
 Tho' lazy he appears ;
 And if you try an Old Man,
 He'll do't---- beyond his Years.

V. And

V.

And a Masquerade's a fine Place,
 For those that wou'd *shoot flying*;
 For there you'll meet with Ladies,
 Who're not afraid of *Dying*.
 There's *Running-Footmen* plenty,
 Who do their Ladies Work;
 And if you're for changing,
 You'll find an able *Turk*.

VI.

And a Masquerade's a fine Place,
 Cou'd I explain it well;
 For there you'll meet Diverfion,
 That nothing can excel.
 At Ten a-Clock they meet,
 And Dance, themselves to please:
 For it kindles soft Desire,
 To give a *gentle Squeeze*.

VII.

And a Masquerade's a fine Place,
 If you wou'd *stir your Blood*;
 For there you'll meet Variety,
 And, most think, that is *good*:
 You'll meet with *Swains* in Night-Gowns,
 Drest ready for the *Field*----:
 And they can't want a *Shepherdes*,
 That will with Pleasure *yield*.

VIII. And

VIII.

And a Masquerade's a fine Place;
 For giving a *Bold Stroke* ----;
 And if you'd find a *Great Man*---
 Then search *beneath* a *CLOAK*;
 The Whimsical *Hoop-Petticoat*
 Most strangely does perplex;
 For you may be deceiv'd in---
 Courting of the *wrong Sex*.

IX.

And a Masquerade's a fine Place,
 For Men of Taste and Pleasure;
 Since here they may divert themselves,
 And purchase *unknown Treasure*;
 For with a *Single Guinea*, Sir, *
 You'll-- win an *Haughty Dame*;
 Who if she had her *Mask* off,
 Wou'd answer with *Disdain*.

X.

And a Masquerade's a fine Place,
 For opening of your *Cases*;
 For here you'll get your *Business done*,
 And never show your *Faces*;
 Here is good Store of *Lawyers*,
 That take a private *Fee*---
 But they'll do nothing *blindly*,
 Faith you must let them see.

XI. And

* The Price of a Ticket,

XI.

And a Masquerade's a fine Place,
 For *Carriers* they love *Jogging* ;
 And shou'd they meet a *Milk-Maid*,
 They wou'd not fail of *Flogging* :
 The sprightly *Harlequin*
 Exerts his *Manly-Parts* ;
 And never fails to strike his----*Sword*
 To pierce the Ladies----*Hearts*.

XII.

And a Masquerade's a fine Place,
 For a *Fryar* that is jolly ;
 For here he may Confess a *Nun*,
 And ease her *Melancholy* :
 Shou'd you meet an *Ancient Father*,
 Who calls himself *OLD TIME* ;
 He'll give you good Advice *Child*,
 That you may not lose your *Prime*.

XIII.

And a Masquerade's a fine Place
 For a *Devil* that is merry ;
 For here he may draw *Sinners in*,
 And Dance the new *Vagary* :
 And if you meet an *Adam*,
 He won't your Wish deceive ;
 For he'll use you as kindly,
 As once your *Mother EVE*.

XIV. And

XIV.

And a Masquerade's a fine Place
 For Lovers in Disguise ;
 They'll show you pretty *Trinkets*,
 And catch you by---*Surprise*.
 You'll meet with lusty *Skippers*,
 As nimble as a *Bee* ;
 What tho' the *Dutch* are *heavy*,
 Yet these are *brisk* you'll see.

XV.

And a Masquerade's a fine Place
 For *Spaniards*, tho' they're *grave* ;
 And tho' they move but *slowly*,
 They will your *Longing* save.
 You'll meet a jolly *Highlander*
 Will do your *Business* well ;
 For they're not soon a weary,
 If *all be Truth* they tell.

XVI.

And a Masquerade's a fine Place,
 If you want to fill your *Belly* ;
 For here is *Meat* of all sorts,
 From *Woodcock* down to *Jelly* :
 In one *Bufet*, is *Burgundy*,
 In t'other, is *Champaign* ;
 As soon as *Twelve a-Clock* is struck,
 They run to eat amain.

XVII. And

XVII.

And a Masquerade's a fine Place,
 Did you know *what is done there* ;
 For Ladies in a *Mask*, will---
 Speak *English* without Fear.
 When you are tir'd with *Dancing*,
 You may *fit down and chat* ;
 And tell a thousand pretty Tales,
 And do-----I wont say what.

XVIII.

Oh ! a Masquerade's a fine Place,
 For Ladies that are Witty :
 And now, alas ! they're at an end,
 And is not that great Pity ?

(9)

XVI

And I know the place
And you know the place
The place is a little
Speak a little
When you are with a woman
You may be sure
And I know the place
And I know the place

XVII

And I know the place
And I know the place
And I know the place
And I know the place

A

Cure for CUCKOLDOM,

OR, THE

Miseries of MATRIMONY.

WEDLOCK, Oh! curs'd uncomfortable
State,
Cause of my Woes, and Object of
my Hate!

How blest'd was I! Ah! once, how happy me,
When I from thy uneasy Bonds was free;
How calm my Joys! How peaceful was my
Breast!

Till with thy fatal Cares too soon oppress'd:
The World seem'd Paradise, so blest'd the Soil
Wherein I liv'd, that Business was no Toil;
Life was a Comfort, which produc'd each Day
New Joys, that, still preserv'd me from Decay;
Thus Heaven first launch'd me 'nto pacific Seas,
Where free from Storms, I mov'd with gentle
Breeze.

B 2

My

My Sails proportion'd, and my Vessel tight,
 Coasting in Pleasure's Bay, I steer'd aright ;
 Ballanc'd with true Content, and freighted
 with Delight. }

Books my Companions were, wherein I found
 Needful Advice without a noisy Sound ;
 But, was with friendly, pleasing Silence taught
 Wisdom's best Rules to fructify my Thought :
 Rais'd up our Sage Forefathers from the dead,
 And when I pleas'd, invok'd 'em to my Aid ;
 Who at my Study *Bar* without a *Fee* would
plead. }

Whilst I Chief-Justice sat, heard all their Suits,
 And gave my Judgment on their learn'd Dis-
 putes.

Strove to determine ev'ry Cause aright,
 And for my Pains found Profit and Delight.
 Free from *Partiality*, I fear'd no blame,
 Desir'd no *Brib'ry*, and deserv'd no *Shame* ;
 But like an *upright* Judge grudg'd no Expence
 Of Time, to fathom Truth, with Diligence ;
 Reading by Day, Contemplating by Night,
 Till Conscience told me, that I judg'd aright.

Then to my Paper-World I'd have Recourse,
 And by my Maps run o'er the Universe ;
 Sail round the Globe, and touch at ev'ry Port,
 Survey those Shoars, where Men untam'd re-
 sort,

View the old Regions, where the *Persian* Lord
 Taught Wooden Deities to be ador'd ;
 Ensnar'd, at last, to sacrifice his Life,
 To the base Pride of an *Adult'rous* Wife.

And,

And, where, the *Grecian* Youth to Arms inur'd,
 The hungry Soil, with *Perſian* Blood manur'd;
 Where, bold *Buceph'lus'* brutal Conduct
 ſhow'd,
 The Force of monſtrous Elephants withſtood;
 And with his Rider waded thro' a *purple*
 Flood.

Then would I next the *Roman* Fields ſurvey,
 Where brave *Fabricius* with his Army lay;
 Fam'd for his Valour, from Corruption free,
 Made up of Courage, and Humility:
 Then, when encamp'd the Good-Man lowly
 bent,

Cook'd his own Cabbage in his homely Tent;
 And, when, the * *Samaïtes* ſent a Golden Sum
 To tempt him, to betray his Country, *Rome*;
 The Droſs he ſcoffingly return'd untold,
 And answer'd with a Look ſerenely bold,
 That *Roman Sprouts* would boil without their
 Grecian Gold.

Then eat his Coleworts, for his Meal design'd,
 And beat the *Grecian* Army, when he'd din'd.

Thus, would I range the World from Pole
 to Pole,

T' increaſe my Knowledge, and delight my
 Soul;

Travel all Nations, and inform my Senſe,
 With Eaſe, and Safety, at a ſmall Expence.
 No Storms to plough, no Paſſage Sums to pay,
 No Horſe to hire, or Guide to ſhow the Way;
 No *Alps* to climb, no Deſerts here to paſs,
 No Ambuſcades, no Thieves to give me chafe:

No

* *I reckon 'tis Samnites, a People of Samnia in Italy.*

No Bear to dread, or rav'nous Wolf to fight,
 No Flies to sting, no *Rattlesnake* to bite :
 No Floods to ford, no Hurricanes to fear,
 No dreadful Thunder to surprize the Ear :
 No Winds to freeze, no Sun to scorch or fry,
 No Thirst, or Hunger, and Relief not nigh.
 All these Fatigues, and Mischiefs could I shun }
 Rest, when I pleas'd, and when I pleas'd, }
 jog on,
 And travel thro' both *Indies* in an Afternoon. }

When the Day, thus far, pleasingly was spent,
 And ev'ry Hour administred Content;
 Then would I range the Fields and flow'ry
 Meads,

Where Nature her exub'rant Bounty spreads ;
 In whose delightful Products does appear,
 Inimitable Beauty ev'ry-where ;
 Contemplate on each Plant, and useful Weed,
 And how its Form first lay involv'd in Seed ;
 How, they're preserv'd by *Providential* Care,
 For *what* design'd, and *what* their Virtues are.
 Thus, to my Mind by dint of Reason prove,
 That *all* below is ow'd to Heaven *above* ;
 And, that no earthly Temporals can be,
 But, what must center in *Eternity* :
 Then gaze aloft, whence all Things had their
 Birth,
 And play my prying Soul 'twixt Heaven and
 Earth :

Thus the sweet Harmony o'th' *Whole* admire }
 And by due Search *new* Learning still acquire ; }
 So, nearer ev'ry Day to Truths divine aspire. }
 When

When tir'd with Thought, then from my
 Pocket pluck
 Some friendly, dear Companion of a Book;
 Whose homely Calves-Skin Fences shall con-
 tain,
 The verbal Treasure of some old good Man;
 Made by long Study, and Experience, wise;
 Whose piercing Thoughts to heav'nly Know-
 ledge rise;
 Amongst whose pious Reliques I could find,
 Rules for my Life, rich Banquets for my Mind;
 Such pleasing Nectar, such eternal Food,
 That, well digested, makes a Man a God;
 And for his Use at the same time prepares
 On Earth an Heav'n, in spight of worldly Cares.
 The Day in these Enjoyments would I spend,
 But chuse, at Night, my Bottle and my Friend;
 Take prudent Care that neither were abus'd,
 But with due Moderation both I us'd;
 And in one sober Pint found more delight,
 Than the insatiate Sot that swills away his Night;
 Ne'er drown my Senses, or my Soul debase,
 Or drink beyond the Relish of my Glass.
 For, in Excess, good Heav'n's Design is crost,
 In all Extremes the true Enjoyment's lost;
 Wine cheers the Heart, and elevates the Soul,
 But if we surfeit with too large a Bowl,
 Wanting true Aim, we th' happy Mark o'er-
 shoot,
 And change the heav'nly Image, to a Brute.
 So, the great *Grecian*, who the World subdu'd,
 And drown'd whole Nations in a Sea of Blood;
 At

At last, was conquer'd by the Pow'r of Wine,
 And dy'd a *Drunken-Victim* to the Vine.
 My Friend, and I, when o'er our Bottle sat,
 Mix'd with each Glas, some inoffensive Chat;
 Talk'd of the World's Affairs, but still kept
 free

From Passion, Zeal, or Partiality.

With honest Freedom did our Thoughts dis-
 pense,

And judg'd all Things with Indifference;
 Till Time, at last, did our Delights invade,
 And, in due Season, Separation made.
 Then without Envy, Discord, or Deceit,
 Part, like true Friends, as loving as we meet:
 The Tavern change to a domestic Scene,
 That sweet Retirement, tho it's ne'er so mean.
 Thus leave each other in a chearful plight,
 T' enjoy the silent Pleasures of the Night;
 When, home return'd, my Thanks to Heaven
 pay,

For all the past, kind Blessings of the Day;
 No *baughty* Help-mate to my Peace molest,
 No treacherous Snake to harbour in my Breast;
 No *fawning* Mistress of the Female *Art*,
 With *Judas'* Kisses to betray my Heart.
 No light-tail'd Hypocrite to raise my Fears,
 No vile Impert'nence to torment my Ears:
 No mottled Offspring to disturb my Thought,
 In Wedlock born, but God knows *where* begot:
 No lustful *Messalina* to require
 Whole Troops of Men to feed her brutal Fire;
 No Family Cares my Quiet to disturb,
 No head-strong Humours to assuage or curb;
 No

No jarring Servants, no Domestick Strife,
 No Jilt, no Termegant, no *faithless* Wife,
 With Vinegar, or Gall, to sour or bitter Life. }
 Thus freed from all, that, could my Mind
 annoy,

Alone my self, I did my self enjoy;
 When Nature call'd, I laid me down to rest,
 With a sound Body, and a peaceful Breast.
 Hours of Repose, with constancy I kept,
 And Guardian Angels watch'd me as I slept.
 In lively Dreams, reviving, as I lay,
 The Pleasures of the last, precedent Day.
 Thus whilst I single liv'd, did I possess }
 By day, and night, incessant Happiness;
 Content enjoy'd, awake, and sleeping, found
 no less.

But the curs'd Fiend from *Hell's* dire Re-
 gions sent,
 Ranging the World, to Man's Destruction bent;
 Who with an envious Pride beholding me,
 Advanc'd by Virtue, to Felicity:
 Resolv'd his own eternal, wretched State,
 Should be in part, reveng'd by my *sad* Fate:
 And so at once, my happy Life betray,
 Flung Woman, *faithless* Woman, in my way,
 Beauty, she had, a seeming modest Mien, }
 All Charms without, but Devil *all* within;
 Which did not yet, appear, but lurk'd, a- }
 las, unseen.

A fair Complexion, far exceeding Paint,
 Black sleeping Eyes, that would have charm'd
 a Saint.

C

Her

Her Lips so soft, and sweet, that ev'ry Kiss,
 Seem'd a short Taste of the eternal Bliss.
 Her Set of Teeth, so regular and white,
 They'd show their Lustre in the darkest Night;
 Round her *Seraphic* Face, so fair, and young,
 Her Sable Hair in careless Tresses hung;
 Which added to her beauteous Features, show'd
 Like some fair Angel, peeping, thro' a Cloud.
 Her Breasts, her Hands, nay, ev'ry Charm,
 so bright,
 She seem'd a Sun, by Day; a Moon, by
 Night;
 Her Shape so ravishing, that, ev'ry part
 Proportion'd was to th' nicest Rules of Art,
 So awful was her Carriage, when she mov'd,
 None could behold her, but, he fear'd, and lov'd,
 She danc'd, well fung, and finely play'd the
 Lute,
 Was always witty in her Words, or mute:
 Obliging, not reserv'd; nor yet too free,
 But as a Maid, divinely blest'd, should be;
 Not vainly gay, but, decent in Attire,
 She seem'd so good, she could no more ac-
 quire;
 Of Heav'n no more than what she had, and
 Man no more desire.
 Fortune like God, and Nature too, was kind,
 And to these Gifts, a copious Sum had join'd.
 Who could the pow'r of such Temptations shun,
 What, frozen *Cynick* from her Charms could
 run,

What.

What, cloister'd Monk could see a Face so
bright,

But quit his Beads, and follow Beauty's Light?
And by its Lustre hope to shun eternal Night.

I so betwitch'd, and poison'd by her Charms,
Believ'd the *utmost* Heaven was in her Arms.

Methoughts the Goodness in her Eyes I see,
Spoke her, the Off'spring of some Deity.

In her fair Looks, alone, Delight I found,
Love's raging Storms all other Joys had drown'd;

By Beauty's *Ignis fatuus* led astray,

Bound for Content, I lost my happy way :

Of Reason's faithful Pilot now bereft,

Was amongst Rocks, and Shoals, in danger left;

There must have perish'd, as, I fondly thought,

Lest her kind Usage my Salvation wrought,

Her happy Aid, I labour'd to obtain,

Hop'd for Success, yet fear'd her sad Disdain ;

Tortur'd, like dying Convicts, whilst they live,

'Twixt fear of Death, and Hopes of a Reprieve.

First, for her smallest Favours did I sue,

Crept, fawn'd, and cring'd, as Lovers *us'd* to do;

Sigh'd, e'er I spoke; and when I spoke, look'd

pale :

In words confus'd, disclos'd my mournful Tale:

Unpractis'd, in Amours fine Speeches coin'd,

But could not utter, what I well design'd :

And by her Charms 'gainst Bashfulness I strove,

And trembling sat, and *stammer'd-out* my Love:

Told her, how, greatly I admir'd, and fear'd,

Which she 'twixt Coyness, and Compassion

heard.

Grutch'd no Expence of Money, or of Time,
 And thought that not t'adore *her*, was a Crime.
 The more each Visit I acquainted grew,
 Yet every time found something in her new :
 Who was above her Sex, so Fortunate,
 She had a Charm for Man in every State.
 Beauty for th' Youthful, Prudence for the Old,
 Scripture for the Godly, for the Miser Gold ;
 Wit for th' Ingenious, Silence for the Grave,
 Flatt'ry for the Fool, and Cunning for the
 Knave.

Compounded thus of such Varieties,
 She had a knack ev'ry Temper to please ;
 And, as, *her self* thought fit, was *every one* }
 of these.

I lov'd, I sigh'd, and vow'd ; talk'd, whin'd,
 and pray'd,
 And at her Feet, my panting Heart, I lay'd ;
 She smil'd, then, frown'd ; was now reserv'd,
 then free :

And, as, she play'd her *part*, oft chang'd her *Key*;
 Not, thro' fantastic Humour, but Design ;
 To try me thro'ly, e'er, she would be mine.
 Because she wanted in *one* Man to have,
 A Husband, Lover, Cuckold, and a Slave.
 So Travellers, before a Horse they buy,
 His Speed, his Paces, and his Temper try ;
 Whether he'll answer Whip, and Spur ; thence,
 judge

If the *poor* Beast will prove a *patient* Drudge.
 When, she by Wiles had heightned my Desire,
 And fann'd Love's Sparkles to a raging Fire ;
 Made

Made now for Wedlock, or for *Bedlam* fit,
 Passion hav'n got the upper-hand of Wit;
 The Dame by Pity, or by Interest mov'd,
 Or, else by Lust, pretended now she lov'd.
 After long suff'rings her Consent I got,
 To makeme happy, as I hop'd, and thought;
 But, oh! the *wretched* hour I ty'd the *Ger-*
 dian-knot.

Thus, thro' mistake, I rashly plung'd my Life,
 Into that bag of Miseries, a *Wife*.

With joyful Arms, I thus embrac'd my Fate,
 Believ'd too soon, was undeceiv'd too late;
 So hair-brain'd Fools to *Indian* Climates rove,
 With a vain Hope their Fortunes to improve;
 There spend their slender Cargoes, then become
 Worse Slaves *abroad*, thane'er they were at *home*.

When a few Weeks were wasted, I compar'd,
 With all due Moderation, and Regard,
 My former Freedom, with my new Restraint,
 Judging, which State afforded most Content.

But, found a single Life, as calm, and gay,
 As, the delightful Month of blooming *May*.

Nor chill'd with Cold, nor scorch'd with too
 much Heat,

Nor plung'd with too much Dust, nor
 drown'd with Wet;

But pleasing to the Eyes, and to the Nostrils sweet

But, Wedlock's like the blustering Month
 of *March*,

That does the Bodies Maims, and Bruises search;
 Brings by cold nipping Storms, unwelcome Pains,
 And finds or breeds Distempers in our Veins.

Renews

Renews old Sores, and hastens on, decay,
 And seldom does afford one pleasant *Day*.
 But Clouds dissolve, or raging Tempests blow,
 And untile Houses, like a *marry'd Shrew*.
 Thus *March*, and *Marriage* justly may be said,
 To be alike; then, sure the Man is mad,
 That loves such changing Weather, where
 the *best* is *bad*.

Tho' I once happy in a single Life,
 Yet shipwrack'd all upon that Rock, a *Wife*;
 By Gold and Beauty's powerful Charms betray'd,
 To the dull drudg'ry of a Marriage-Bed;
 That *Paradise* for Fools, a Sport for Boys!
 Tiresome its Chains! and brutal are its Joys!
 Then, nauseous Priest-craft, that, too soon ap-
 pear'd,

Not as I hop'd, but worse, than what I fear'd;
 All her soft Charms, which, I believ'd Divine,
 Marriage I thought had made them only mine.
 Vain Hope! alas, for I too early found,
 My Brows were with the Thorns of Wedlock
 crown'd;

Jealousies, first from Reason rais'd a doubt,
 And fatal Chance th'unhappy Truth brought out,
 Made it so plain, from all pretences freed,
 That *wicked* Woman no *excuse* could plead;
 And, if she wants Device to hide her shame,
 Hell can no Umbrage for *Adult'ry* frame.

I thought it, Prudence, the Disgrace to hide,
 Tho' rav'd, and storm'd, she pardon beg'd,
 and cry'd,

Yet,

Yet, with false Protestations strove to charm,
 The Cuckold to believe, she'd done *no* harm.
 Tho', taken by surprize; (oh! curse the Day!)
 Where all the Marks of *past* Enjoyment lay;
 And she disorder by the lustful Freeks,
 Had Shame, and Horror struggling in her Cheeks;
 Yet, made Essays to clear *her* Innocence,
 And hide *her* Guilt with Lyes and Impudence;
 For lustful Women, like a vitious State,
 Oft' stifle Ills, by others, full as great.
 But, I convinc'd too plainly of her guilt,
 All her false Oaths, and quick Inventions spoilt;
 Which, when she us'd in vain, she blush'd,
 and cry'd,
 And own'd the Fault, she found, she could
 not hide.

This, I forgave, she promis'd to reclaim,
 Vow'd future Truth, if I'd conceal the Shame.
 But, what strange *Adamantine* Chain can bind,
 Women, corrupted; to be just, or kind.
 Or, how can Man to an *Adult'ress* show
 That Love, which, to a faithful Wife is due?
 I struggl'd hard, and all my Passion check'd,
 And chang'd Revenge into a *mild* Respect.
 That good for ill return'd, might touch her,
 near,
 And gratitude might bind her, more than fear;
 My former Love, I ev'ry day renew'd,
 And all the signals of Oblivion shew'd;
 Wink'd at small Faults, would no such trifles
 mind,
 As accidental Failings, not design'd.

I all things to her Temper easy made,
 Scorn'd to reflect, and hated to upbraid.
 She chose (and rich it was) her own Attire,
 Nay, had what a proud Woman could desire.

Thus, the new Covenant I strictly kept,
 And oft' in private, for her Failings wept,
 Yet, bore with seeming chearfulness, those Cares,
 That bring a Man too soon, to grised Hairs.

But, all this kindness I dispensed in vain,
 Where, Lust, and base Ingratitude remain.
Lust, which if once in *Female* Fancy fix'd,
 Burns like *Salt-Petre* with dry *Touchwood*
 mixt.

And tho' cold Fear for time, may stop its
 force,

'Twill soon like Fire confin'd, break out the
 worse :

Or, like a Tide obstructed, reassume it's Course.

No Art could e'er perfume the stinking *Stote*,

Or change the lech'rous Nature of the *Goat*.

No skilfull Whitster ever found the slight,

To wash, or bleach an *Ethiopian* White.

No gentle Usage truly will assuage,

A *Tyger's* fierceness, or a *Lyon's* rage.

Stripes, and severe Correction is the way,

When once they're thro'ly conquer'd, they'll
 obey.

'Tis Whip and Spur, commanding Rein and
 Bit,

That, makes the unruly head-strong Horse
 submit.

So

So stubborn, faithless Woman must be us'd,
Or Man, by Woman, basely, be abus'd.

For, after all the Indearments I could shew,
At last, she turn'd, both Libertine, and Shrew:
From my Submissions grew perverse, and proud,
Crabbed as Verjuice, and as Thunder loud:
Did what she pleas'd, would no Obedience own,
And ridicul'd the Patience, I had shown.
Fear'd no sharp threatnings, valu'd no disgrace,
But flung the Wrongs she'd done me, in my face.
Grew still more head-strong, turbulent, and lewd,
Filling my Mansion, with a spurious Brood.
Thus, *brutal* Lust her *humane* Reason drown'd,
And her *loose* Tail oblig'd the Country round.
Advice, Reproof, Prayers, Fears, were flung away,
For still she grew more wicked, every day.
Till, by her Equals scorn'd, my Servants fed
The Brutal Rage of her Adult'rous *Bed*.
Nay, in my absence truckled to my Groom,
And hugg'd the servile Traitor in my room.
When these strange tydings thunder-struck my
Ear,

And such inhuman Wrongs were made appear;
On these just grounds for a Divorce I sued,
At last, that head-strong Tyrant-Wife subdued:
Cancel'd the Marriage-Bonds, and bastardiz'd
her Brood.

Woman ! thou worst of all Church-plagues,
farewell !

Bad at the best, but at the worst, a Hell.
Thou Truss of Wormwood, bitter Teaze of Life,
Thou Misery of humane Cares---a Wife.

D

Thou

Thou Apple-eating Traytor, who began
 The Wrath of Heaven, and Misery of Man.
 And has't with never-failing diligence,
 Improv'd the Curse to Human Race e'er since ;
 Farewell, *Church-juggle*, that enslav'd my Life,
 But bless that Power, that, rid me of my Wife,
 And, now the Laws, once more, have set me free,
 If *Woman* can again prevail with me.
 My Flesh, and Bones shall make my Wed-
 ding-Feast,
 And none shall be invited, as my Guest :
 But my good Bride, the Devil, and a Priest.

F I N I S.

